

## HEARTS MADE SAD WHEN DEATH TAKES LOCAL BANKER

W. LEE CUSSEY, GENIAL CASHIER OF PEOPLES BANK, SUC-CUMBS TO PNEUMONIA.

It just cannot seem to be true, but the death wreath hangs beside the door of the house at 303 South Bridge street, the home of W. Lee Cussey, genial cashier at the Peoples Savings bank and an all around favorite with all who knew him, whose illness was chronic in these columns last week. Yes, they said he was dead and while it did not seem possible that such a splendid fellow could be taken away from the community in so short a time, still there was the wreath, and more than that, there was an air of genuine sadness and regret following in the wake of the news as it spread over the city, that Mr. Cussey had passed away at 1 o'clock Saturday morning, following an attack of pneumonia.

Lee's friends first missed him at the bank when he took cold and had to remain at home, but it was considered a usual light attack of the "flu", until his continued absence at the bank and news of the gravity of his condition caused his friends grave concern, but up until Friday evening the word was passed around that he was slightly better and would probably come out all right in the battle, which had gripped him and the ravaging progress of which the best of medical science, skill and care was unable to stay and when news of the death of this great and popular man in the business and community life came out, it was a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky. It is quite safe to say that no death in recent years has caused more expressions of regret to be heard nor more universal sadness than has the death of this popular man.

Mr. Cussey was 45 years of age and had been connected with the Peoples Savings Bank ever since it started in 1893, for many years as assistant cashier and since 1909 as cashier. Practically his entire life was spent in this city, he having been born on the old Cussey farm east of here. He received his education in the local schools and was graduated with the class of 1891. He was of a genial disposition and to make his acquaintance was to make a new friend. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cussey, who together with his wife and two daughters, are left with the community to mourn their great loss.

His funeral was held Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from the house, Rev. J. W. Roeka, of the Congregational church officiating. Owing to the ban on public gatherings it was of necessity private at the house and the mortal remains of one of Belding's best were laid to rest in Riverdale cemetery, the Masonic fraternity of which he was a member attending in a body and conducting the services at the grave where his body was committed to the grave.

Try as we might to produce our very best in the way of an eulogy for Mr. Cussey as a friend of the entire community, we would fall far short of paying him the tribute which a man like him is entitled to and therefore the foregoing will have to suffice. We mourn with the rest.

**Former Orleans Resident Dies.**  
The remains of Henry Leach, aged 76 years who died at Grandville, reached here on the morning train up from Grand Rapids and were taken to the Shanty Plains cemetery where the interment took place at 10 o'clock. Mr. Leach was a former resident of Orleans township and a quite a number of relatives and friends were at the station to meet the remains on their arrival and a number of relatives came up with the body to attend the funeral.

**Back to Good Old U. S. A.**  
Mrs. Carl Steele received a telegram from his son, Clayton, early Monday that he had arrived back in New York after having been in France with the army for a few months. The good folks are glad to get this good news and are expecting the returned soldier back home almost any time.

**Resolutions of Condolence.**  
Whereas, the Great and Supreme Ruler of the universe has in His infinite wisdom removed from among us one of our worthy companions, Edgar Sowers;

Resolved that in the death of Companion Sowers, Shafter arbor has lost one of its most worthy and efficient members.

Resolved, that we the members of Shafter arbor, A. O. G. No. 396, extend to the bereaved wife and parents, brothers and sisters, our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of trial, and be it further,

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for 30 days and that a copy of these resolutions be placed on the records of our arbor, printed in the local paper and a copy be presented to the wife and parents.

Nettie Morse,  
Edward Reeves,  
Katie Reeves,  
Committee.

## Reported Missing, Returns.

Some time ago we carried in this paper an item which told of one Charles White of this city, being reported as missing in action while engaged in battle with the American forces in France and up until last week it was thought that the report was true, his name having been included in the official casualty list which was given out at Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Phillips, living south of the city received a letter from White last week, which was written from an American hospital in France and which stated that he had been severely gassed while in the Chateau-Thierry fight and that in the mixup which resulted he had been lost in the hospital and his name was reported as missing in action and while his friends have been pitying the life he was supposed to be leading in a German prison camp, he has really been lying in a hospital and getting a good rest to the extent that at the time he wrote the letter he was feeling good and would eventually recover as nearly as it will be possible for him to do. White's home is really at Escanaba, but he registered from this city and therefore the casualty list gave Belding as his home.

## CHRISTMAS MEANS MORE THAN ANY OTHER HOLIDAY

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN" SLOGAN SHOULD NEVER BE FORGOTTEN

(Written especially for the Banner-News by Robert Hazell, Ph. D.)

While angels shout their Christmas joy,

Across the crystal sea,

Yet may some linger very near

With "Peace on earth to thee."

Gift time is here once more, the time for loving deeds, for good wishes and open hearted hospitality. To everyone Christmas means something more than any other holiday. It is at Christmas that we feel a holier, deeper heart throb for the poor; we are able to understand the longing in little children's hearts for the coming of the mysterious gift-bringer they call Santa Claus; we enter into and appreciate the buoyant mirth of the young people; we also tenderly thoughtful for the dear mother and made dear our childhood's happy Christmas times and for the still older ones who have worked and wrought for us and others, our generous spirit of love is active.

At Christmas time it is easier to forgive those who have wronged us, to be reconciled with our neighbors, to overlook slights, to see something good in everybody, and to go forth with Christmas cheer in our eyes and on our lips.

All these signs of an inward gladness, of a universal friendliness, are apparent in every city, town, village or country hamlet throughout our land and the whole world where the name of Christ is known.

Have you thought of this? Have you realized that all your joy and all the world's joy at this season, is because of the exaltation and adoration in the human heart of an ideal? Yes, the ideal man, the God-man, the man who came to the world to show it how to love, whose coming was to bring joy to every creature and to establish the kingdom of love upon earth.

The love that pulsates through poet at Christmas tide, and moves you to express your better nature in words and deeds of loving service, is a touch of that love which is the light of men, and which was so wonderfully embodied in Jesus that He stands as He stood for two thousand years, the great type of a perfected humanity. He is illumined and glorified by love. That is what made Him what He was and what He is.

You are what you are today with all your possibilities of loving, because of this great ideal which has been enshrined in the hearts of Christians through all these centuries that have passed since His coming. You have only to let the same mind be in you as was in Christ Jesus in order to be, according to your measure of love, a wonder worker, a gift giver as he was.

What his mind was you can know in a faint degree by what you sincerely feel and express at the Christmas time. It is the sign and seal of what you may feel and express the whole year, if you will.

Because the world feels the warm touch of this sweeping tide of Christly love, it is blessed and vivified with new life as surely as the Christmas season comes. Why should we not have a continuous Christmas season? How great the thought that love is the light of the world! How literally true that this is the Christmas love that in a mighty stream of light sweeps through men's hearts, warming, cleansing them and giving them new and holy life!

**Notice—\$10 Reward.**  
We will give the above reward for information which will lead to the conviction of persons shooting out or breaking lamps from the street lighting system.

Spencer Electric Light & Power Co.

## Still Hanging Around



## ANTHACITE SITUATION, LOCALLY IS TO BE EASIER

FUEL ADMINISTRATOR GRANTS PRIORITY ORDERS TO HELP MANY LOCAL CONSUMERS

The local people who have been unable to secure what anthracite, or hard coal which the needed to run their stoves this winter, will be glad to note that through the efforts of Sec. Byron F. Brown, of the local board of commerce, the state fuel administrator has granted a priority order for anthracite coal to be shipped to this city and the fuel administrator, Mr. W. K. Prudden, has asked the companies which produce chestnut and other stove sizes to give this city's needs preference on this grade of fuel in order to relieve the situation as quickly as possible.

Sec. Brown has written several letters to the state fuel administrator in an effort to gain some measure of relief for the many people in this city and vicinity who had stoves and other heating equipment which would burn chestnut size hard coal and which could not easily be turned into a burner to handle No. 4 and furnace sizes. A great many of these people, concluding that they would be unable to get any chestnut coal, have already made arrangements for the burning of bituminous coal in stoves and some of them have installed furnaces which will take practically any kind of fuel. Just as soon as sufficient anthracite coal arrives, it is very probable however, that these people who have been burning bituminous coal will be able to get the chestnut size coal, will undoubtedly get them out and put them in commission.

A car of anthracite coal was received by a local fuel concern last week and was quickly sold at nearly \$12 per ton, a higher price than has ever been paid for the same commodity locally. Several cars of the larger sizes of anthracite coal have recently been received and these were distributed among the people who were waiting for it and the supply did not last very long. Since the order went out of the fuel administrator's office, two cars of chestnut coal have

also been received in this city and this has served to make the situation easier and there are a number of hard coal stoves which have been set up within the past week and started with a fire or made ready to start just as soon as a load of the black diamonds could be procured.

## Jack Barron Wounded.

Thursday's casualty list included the name of John Barron, of this city as among the seriously wounded. "Jack" is a well known local man and enlisted early in the war. He has hundreds of friends around here who hope his injuries are not as severe as might be taken from the meagre news so far received. He is a brother of Robert Barron of this city.

## Harlan Reeves Married

The marriage of Harlan Reeves, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Reeves of Cok's Corners, and Miss Berna Shooks, of Alpena, took place at Detroit, Monday. The young people will live in Detroit, where the groom has a fine position. Their many local friends join with us in extending congratulations.

## New Story Starts This Week

"The Light in the Clearing," our new serial story, starts in this issue. It is a "blinger" from start to finish and we want you to read every chapter as they appear in succeeding issues. We need not tell you a great deal about the story, you will get it all as you read it. It is one of those stories of the good old days which are fast slipping away into history.

## We're Much Obligated, Earl.

Earl Wright, the genial, optimistic and whole souled cuss who runs this Linotype and who has been on a two weeks vacation, came up from Ionia Monday morning and got up enough type so that we are able to get the sheet out early, so the force can properly observe Christmas Day.

## Pickling Station Torn Down.

The salting station erected some years ago by the Keokuk Canning Co. and operated by them for a number of years, just north of the E. J. Knapp Paint Co. plant, alongside of the railroad track, has been torn down and removed.

## The West Otisco Farm's Club.

On account of the flu and New Year's the club will be postponed one week until Jan. 9. We will meet with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ross.

## OTISCO SOLDIER GIVES RIGHT LEG FOR DEMOCRACY

BLOOD POISONING SETS IN THE WOUND AND NECESSITATES AMPUTATION ABOVE KNEE.

Corporal Roy W. Douglas is one of the Otisco soldiers who went overseas whole and who is going to leave part of himself buried in French soil as a result of having to suffer the amputation of his right leg in an American hospital in France to which he had been removed after being wounded in action.

Corporal Douglas is a son of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Douglas and has been in France for some time. He took part in a number of battles and about the 1st of October a German bullet, evidently had his number on it and it hit him in the right leg, putting him down and out and causing him to be removed to the hospital where the wound was treated and where he seemed to be doing fairly well.

Recently Mr. and Mrs. Douglas received a letter from Roy, dated in France on Nov. 24, to the effect that blood poisoning had set in the wound and that the leg had to be amputated four inches above the knee, but that as soon as the wound had healed sufficiently, the surgeons were going to send him to the nearest Red Cross hospital in the States, where he would further rest during the period the amputation wound was healing.

It is a sad blow for Mr. and Mrs. Douglas as Roy is an only son, but at the same time both they and the corporal can feel glad it was only a leg instead of his life that he gave to make the world safe for democracy. By the way, Roy has a large number of friends around here who have the time to drop him a letter and he would just more than appreciate nice cheery letters from anyone around here. His address is Corp. Roy Douglas, Base hospital No. 6, A. P. O. 705, A. E. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Huyck and Mr. and Mrs. Art Bowen of Crystal came Monday morning to attend the funeral for W. Lee Cussey.

## Gets Hand Badly Lacerated.

Al Webber, a well known man residing on James street and employed by the Dori Motor Co., in their local plant, had the misfortune to have his left hand come into contact with the knives on one of the shapers on which he was working at about 9 o'clock Saturday morning and as a result the fingers on the hand were badly cut up, so much so that it is at present thought that several of them will have to be taken off. He was taken to the Belding hospital where Drs. Stanton and Pinkham attended him and dressed the lacerated parts properly. The accident will lay Mr. Webber up for some time while the healing process is taking place. Mr. Webber was for a number of years city nightwatchman here and has a great many friends who will regret to learn of his injury.

## Dr. Orr Recovers.

The many friends of Dr. M. M. Orr will be pleased to learn that she has so far recovered from her recent illness as to be out and attending to her practice once more. The doctor was taken ill with an attack of the flu, and for about three weeks was very hard up but is again ready to take care of the splendid practice which she has.

## SHOW MOVIES OF LOCAL PEOPLE TO BOYS IN FRANCE

GET "SHOT" ON FILMS WHICH WILL BE TAKEN OVERSEAS TO SHOW MICHIGAN BOYS.

Wouldn't you like to see "the boys" over in France and Germany? And wouldn't you give a lot to see a moving picture film shown here wherein the boys—your son, husband or brother could be plainly seen? You just bet you would but the chances are that you will never get to see much of anything in this nature. But just the same you know how you would like to see your boys in a film and how much more would the boys over there in France and Germany like to see yourself and if not in person, then on a motion picture film taken either here or in a nearby city and sent overseas and shown at the various Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus and other clubs over where the boys who comprise the army are spending an evening.

The boys are going to look at 6,000 feet of film which is going to be taken at Grand Rapids and other western Michigan cities, beginning on Christmas day and continuing on through until Friday, January 3, by a camera which will be pointed at a line of people who will pass before it and who are relatives or friends of the boys on duty overseas. The relatives or friends who will pass before the camera and have their pictures taken will be permitted to carry some taken or slice of affection by which the boys will know them when they see the pictures over there. The pictures are going to be filmed at close range so that the features of everybody will show up good, and special attention is going to be given to taking the pictures of babies which will be shown.

The filming of the pictures is to be done for the Grand Rapids Old National bank and the Grand Rapids News, whose able editor, Mr. A. P. Johnson, is well known throughout the state and also locally, where he has been heard several times in patriotic and other public meetings. The films will then be sent to E. W. Dickerson, the special representative of the Grand Rapids News, which by the way is the only paper in Michigan which has its own special staff correspondent with the American Expeditionary forces in France and Germany. Mr. Dickerson will then take the films and have them shown in the moving picture theaters over where the boys are and can see them.

Just think, if Clarence Bailey should see his parents, brothers and in particular, little Ed. Bailey, his baby brother, thrown on the screen over in France. If Lyle Madden saw his parents, if George and Will Richardson saw their parents and if latter saw his young bride with their "war baby" in her arms on that screen, and a lot of other local boys saw their home folks on the same screen? Can't you imagine their hearts coming up to their throats as they experienced one of the most pleasant moments of their lives and the very pleasant event that could happen to them way over there hundreds of miles away, next to coming in actual contact with those same relatives or friends?

The first picture will be taken at Grand Rapids, on Christmas day at noon, on Campus square. Then will follow, Grand Haven, Thursday, Dec. 26; Muskegon, Friday, Dec. 27; Holland, Saturday, Dec. 28; Kalamazoo, Sunday, Dec. 29; Manistee or Ludington (depending upon public health), Monday, Dec. 30; Traverse City, on Tuesday, Dec. 31; Cadillac, New Year's day, Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1919; Big Rapids, Thursday, Jan. 2; Ionia, Friday, Jan. 3.

No provision is made for the taking of local pictures but an effort is now being made to get the movie man and his outfit to stop off for a short time and take some of the pictures here. However, if this cannot be accomplished, it is hoped that a large number of local people will go over to Ionia on the date set and get in on the pictures so their boys can see them. There are a number of "war babies" whose fathers will meet them for the first time in this manner.

It is a great idea and the Grand Rapids parties who are putting it on are sure going to make a hit with the folks here and the boys "over there" by taking and showing the films.

In case an arrangement can be made whereby pictures will be taken locally, they will be announced in next week's issue of the Banner-News.

## LOCAL SOLDIER TELLS OF TRAVELS SINCE HE ENLISTED

OTHER SOLDIER LETTERS TELL OF EVENTS WHICH HAPPENED IN LAST DAYS OF WAR.

We have in previous issues published numerous letters which were written by local men in the service and they have all been interesting, but on Thursday we received the following letter from our old friend, Ray McConnell, in which he gives an interesting account of the trip which took him from the scenes of peaceful Michigan and placed him in the midst of the blood soaked battlefields of France. The letter is as follows:

November 22, 1918  
Dear Friend Ed—Just a few lines to let you know that I am one of the lucky boys over here to still be one amongst the living, as a good many of our comrades are "pushing up the daisies" as they say over here.

Well, I sure have had some great experiences since I left the states. We left Camp Custer on July 11th, went to Long Island and waited there for our transport. We got up at two o'clock in the morning of the 21st and boarded a train that took us to New York City, where we got aboard our transport, a boat called the Anchesia—an English craft. We pulled out in the harbor that day and lay at anchor until the morning of July 22nd when we left the good old U. S. A. behind at about 8 o'clock in the morning with 14 other boats in our convoy. We were just 14 days aboard that boat and two days before we landed in England a submarine was sighted. About 20 shots were fired at us when they got through shooting there was nothing left where the sub was sighted but a large spot of oil and believe me, Ed that was all we cared to see.

The night before we landed in England, at Liverpool, we were awakened by shooting from the rear of our own boat and when I got on deck one of the sailors told me that they had just sunk a German sub. We landed in Liverpool on the evening of August 3rd and boarded a train at 11 o'clock and were started on our journey through England, for France. We detoured at Kilmory on the morning of August 4th and went into an American Rest camp there, which was called Camp Woodley and we remained there until August 7th, when we left for Southampton, England, which is a seaport on the English channel, arriving there at about 6 o'clock in the evening and then boarded a transport which left there about 8 o'clock and that boat landed us in Le Havre, a French city, about 4 o'clock the next morning, was put in an English rest camp there for one day, Aug. 9, we loaded on a French train 32 men in a small box car not enough room for us to lay down and sleep; had to sleep standing up; was on board this train from Aug. 9 to Aug. 12 when we were landed at Cherbourg, France, a city of about 10,000 people; we were stationed there until October 3, when we were moved to a small town called Pouilly; we were located here until Oct. 23 when we were ordered to pack up and get ready to move up to the front; we were all glad to get the word that we had been waiting over here nearly three months to get in action; we left Pouilly the next morning about 2 o'clock and were loaded in box cars again and on Oct. 31 we arrived in Toul which is in Lorraine. We lay there until the morning of Nov. 1 when we were transported to a camp called Bois Le Veque. We were then ordered to get in barracks until the morning of Nov. 10 when we packed up and started to hike for the front where we expected to do our bit; on the night of the 10th we stopped in a town called Charnes La Cate where we got the news that the next day an armistice was to be signed and the war brought to a close. Well you can believe me we were all glad but we were a little disappointed to think we could not get right to the front where we could get a crack at the dirty Huns. Well Nov. 11th at 11 o'clock we saw the last Hun plane brought down; also heard the last shots fired and then the church bells began to ring and you could hear everyone yell for miles around; it lasted for about a half hour and then everything was quiet, in fact so quiet I thought I had lost my hearing. At 11 o'clock, Nov. 11 was the first time the church bells had loosened their tongues for over four years. Well we are looking forward now to the day we will land in the good old U. S. A. again back among friends and loved ones. I will close as it is now bed time. Hoping to be with you soon, as ever, your friend, Mack.

Chas. R. McConnell,  
American Expeditionary Forces, France.

Another letter is from Rollin Donovan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Donovan of Grattan:

November 16, 1918.  
Dear Mother and All: I have just received beaucoup (many) letters. I received a half dozen from you and beaucoup others. I am sure play every body is well. I have been feeling fine; been bothered with my stomach a little. I sure am sorry there are so many sick at home. It is quite nice weather over here now. I suppose you have had some big events and times since I left the States. Well I will soon be there to celebrate the event. Tell Father I'll be back by time he gets through sawing lumber. I have had a hold of a cross-cut saw over here; it seems funny to use these French frog saws. I suppose you are all sitting around the fire today. You ask me what I am doing. Well I am doing bunk-fatigue looking wise out of the window at an old church. It has a clock in the tower and the thing rings every quarter hour. There is eight bells and believe me they day peace was declared they rang some, all eight. Well I guess I'll be home some time soon now. I can't think of much to write.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Three years have rolled away since we first greeted you as the publishers of a local paper and three times have we greeted our reader and advertiser friends through the columns of the Belding News. Each year seemed to bring more real meaning and happiness to us and we hoped that our Christmas greeting message carried an increased amount of good will and well wishes to you, each year.

Last year, the Christmas greeting was written with a heavy heart, through the fact that war had reached into our office and carried two of our best men into the ranks of the national service, one of them being one of the publishers and of course the sun refused to shine as brightly to the other member of the publishing firm, who remained at home and penned a Christmas greeting to you which could have been loaded with more cheer, had the boys been back, or even had we had some knowledge as to when they would come back.

This year, with the war over and its eventual outcome a settled fact, with the consolidation of the Banner and the News and its increased family of readers, with some of the boys back and others on their way, with the happy news ringing in our ears that the three boys will soon be back on the force and that your own brave boys will also soon be back, Christmas means just as much to us as it did in the days when we expected Santa to come and at present our hopes and expectations for the future are running high, as we hope yours are and may Christ, the Prince of Peace, grant that these hopes of yours and ours be not in vain.

With many thanks for your hearty co-operation and good will and trusting that the mutual Christian spirit existing between your own good selves and us will always grow greater, we wish you all a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE PUBLISHERS,  
ED. D. ENGEMANN,  
HUBERT M. ENGEMANN,  
U. S. N. R. F., Glenburnie, Md.

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